ting wind-up to it. Both the principal act-

ors in the fashionable drama had hosts of friends, and the general rejoicings over the happy event had been, therefore, not only

loud, but deep. Lady Flora Travers was

too lively perhaps-and an heiress into the

bargain, on quite a grand scale. Sir Fred-

eric Blount was an orphan, too, young

handsome and quite abominably rich for a

man whose heart had gone out to an heiress;

There wasn't a flaw in the little piece any

PITTSBURG,

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## TWO TO A QUARRE

## BY THE DUCHESS.

AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," Etc.

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[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

quaintances. With her a spade is indeed a spade, and she calls it so; but that she is a thoroughly honest-hearted and good-natured woman au fond, nobody would dream of disputing.
"Absurd to a fault," says she now,a good deal of annoyance in her tone.
"What can they both be thinking of?
More wanton throwing away of happiness is

unknown." Well, she thinks one thing, he another." "Of course, we all know they had tempers. But that they should come to such loggerheads, and all for nothing! She

"She says she does. She persists in believing. No harm talking about it," says Lady Maria rather savagely, "as all the world seems up in the ridiculous tale." HAD been an Ideal marriage Everybody had been de lighted with it; and occurring as it did just at the close of last season, had been considered a very fit-"Yes, such a bore!"

"We are quite aware that Frederic hader-you know-well, his thoughtless mo-ments when a bachelor-and-er-"
"I know; they all do," says Mrs. Wylde with feeling and a gentle flourish of her hands.

hands.
"Quite so," sympathetically. "Well, you know the story, don't you? Frederic had to go up to town very frequently after his marriage, strictly on business about that Alderley estate (though nothing can convince her of that now), and then he met Captain Stannard—very's met him. an orphan, young, lovely, lively-a little Captain Stannard—you've met him——"
"Oh, yes. Horrid man!"
"Well, he induced him to run down with

and there hadn't been the slightest doubt about the amount of heart thrown into the him to Richmond to one of these abominable affair: two people so utterly and entirely in little dinners, you know."
"I know," with increasing feeling. love had seidom (everyone agreed) been

seen. It was the most deliciously romantic "And there was an actress there; most respectable young woman, I've learned since, though its of no use to learn anything nowthing all through. Society was charmed, a-days—people believe just what they like. But at all events Drewry was her name, and Flora heard of it—the dinner (when he was supposed to be at his lawyer's), the name of the actres, everything." where. It ran with a beatific smoothness; and Sir Frederic was so charming. Just a soupcon of temper perhaps, but after all, what then—one must have something. Belgravia was indeed in raptures! Unaccustomed to see the saucy little god love "But how?"

striding victoriously among its crowds, it at once opened its arms to him and gave "Why, through Mrs. Fane, of course. at once opened its arms to him and gave him quite an ovation. They blessed Sir Frederic and Lady Flora for the fresh sen- Flora of the way her husband was going on,



HER GOWN DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE SCREEN AS SIR FREDERIC BLOUNT IS ANNOUNCED.

sation they had given it. It was absolutely unique all through, a perfect innovation. There had been sad cases of young people, who, wickedly desirous of marking out a path for themselves, had entered on it, cry-ing aloud that silly old line, "All for love and the world well lost," as a sort of defiance, but they had been very justly thrust out of sight and speedily torgotten. But here was a triumph, love and common sense hand in hand. An ideal marriage indeed! With nothing in it to provoke the wrath of guardians, or throw cold water on the warm congratulations of friends, or prevent the giving way to sentimental ren beauty of love unadulterated-love pure and simple — and untouched by mercenary metives. It was as though a touch of Areadia had tallen into Vanity Fair, and brightened all things by its freshness.

The sun had shone gaily on the marriage morning. What else could it do? cried the enthusiasts. The bride smiled through her tears, the bridegroom was the very personi-fication of hope tulfilled. It was the prettiest pageant possible. As the happy pair body told everybody else that for once in a way one might be sure that years of unbroken joy lay before them.

Searcely three months had elapsed when society was electrified by the news that Sir Frederic and Lady Blount had separated, "by mutual consent." Incompatibility of temper, said some, jeulousy on both sides, said others, and neither was far wide of the

mark. Sir Frederic it must be confessed had been somewhat wild in the earlier years of his life. He had sown several crops of the most unprofitable oats. His amusements had hardly been sans reproche, and some kind friends had hinted as much to the young bride. Since his marriage, since his engagement indeed, he had run perfectly straight, but this the kind friends had for gotten to hint. She grew first horrified, then disgusted, then a little reckless. She was so young that the very suspicion of the evil that the world holds locked in its bosom was unknown to her. She began with a determination not to care, to be revenged. This resulted in his accusing her of a flirtation with a man whom secretly she abhorred It was an opening, and she seized upon it, letting loose upon him all the floodgates of wrath and wounded pride and miserable dis-appointment that had been consuming her. Recriminations grew furious. What had been called loveliness of disposition grew into decided temper, and before any h friends could interfere, the devoted bride and bridegroom of three months ago had parted with the sworn determination on

oth sides never to see each other again. The charming home in Gloucestershere broken up. Sir Frederic went one way, Lady Flora another. When cross-examined by tearful relatives, they both raged and stormed, and grew so vague and excitable that in the end no one could quite understand how such a terrible situation could have arisen out of what was

seemingly a trivial affair, "It is the most absurd case I ever heard of," says Mrs. Wylde to Lady Maria Walton with a shrug of her dainty shoulders. Both are friends of the Blounts, but Lady Maria is something more. See is a first cousin of Sir Frederic's on his mother's side, and a thirty-first cousin of Lady Flora's on her father's side. As men always carry the day, her sympathies more or less are for

the day, her sympathies more or less are for Sir Frederic, though she is an open admirer of Lady Flora's who, indeed, can be specially charming when she likes.

Lady Maria is a tall, able-bodied woman, with no nonsense about her (unless we except her kindly heart), and a strength of mind that renders her the terror of hir ac-

and so destroyed the happiness of two nice young people. Really, I haven't patience with her."

"No bigger flirt in town than Violet," says Mrs. Wylde with disgust. "Tried her hand on Sir Frederic, I know for a fact, and finding herself thoroughly out of it, determined, I conclude, to be revenged on him. Paltry, I call it!"

"Well, she has won her case," says Lady Maria with a sigh. "She told poor Flora not only that, but a good deal more. She

poisoned her mind in many ways, mentioning things about Frederic's bachelor life that should not have been told to a young creature like Flora."

"She was always a dangerous person in spite of, or rather because of her scraphic ountenance. She looks like an angel and

countenance. She looks like an angel and feels like a ""

"No, no; come, now, my dear girl, interrupts Lady Maria hastily, who is very downright about earthly matters, but rather shrinks from tackling those of the other world. "No good in swearing. The end is before us. No use in quarreling with fate. Flora cut up very rough at first, drove Frederic away from her—"

"And is now apparently quite happy. I saw her at the Despards' last week, and she was the life of the party." life of the party."

"She is not happy for all that. She is only wearing herself out in a mad endeavor to ap-

pear so."
"I daresay; and all for nothing. For one thing, it is a pity that nobody can undeceive



Yes, We'll Begin Our Life Over Again, her about that actress. I'm sure Sir Frederic never went to Richmond to meet her or any

other woman."

"He went simply because time hung heavily on his hands and he couldn't go home because he had an appointment at his lawyer's for 11 o'clock the next morning. But Flora believes the worst. She goes about now calling him 'that man'—such had taste! But she was too young a girl to be married to such a young man, with her ideas of independence and her temper."

temper."
"Sir Frederic has a temper, too."
"True, true; yet to me they seemed matched by heaven itself, and I am thoroughly down-hearted about the whole affair. What's that?"

"A knock at the door. Fresh visitors." "A knock at the door. Fresh visitora."

"Flora's knock, surely."

"is it? Well, I'm off." says Mra. Wylde rising. "She will have a dozen things to say to you, and Ishould be in the way. Goodby."

A minute or two afterward the door reopens to admit a very lovely vision. Such a pretty young woman! A small, slight, lovely creature, with lug gray eyes and masses of nut-brown hair. Her nose is a little, a very little, retrousse, and her mouth, if sweet when the owner of it is pleased, is distinctly suggestive of mutiny when the owner may be out of temper.

per. "Oh, Maria." cries she, precipitating herself into Lady Maria's arms, 'what a blessing to find yeu by yourself! I've such a lot of things

brought her. "Take off your furs, and pull your chair up to the fire. Now then for your orought her. "Take off your furs, and pull your chair up to the fire. Now then for your news."

"Oh, well, I must warm myself first," temporizing. "There is so much, you see, to tell, that !—— By the bye, as you mention that man, you may as well tell me if you have seen him lately."

"Outside lately. Vertically in fact."

im lately."
"Quite lately. Yesterday, in fact."
"Ah!" Eloquent silence. "How is he look "Pretty well. Pale, perhaps, if anything. A little dejected: I can't suppose he is happy."
"Can't you?" scornfully. "I can. He has obtained his beloved liberty again; that counts with a man."
"With some man perhaps. You are looking.

tained his beloved liberty again; that counts with a man."

"With some men perhaps. You are looking pale, too, dear," ignoring her outburst. "A little rest would be good for you. Why not come down to the country with me for Christmas? So quiet! Nota soul! I shan't ask any one to the Beeches this year."

"I snould like it, but—you are so close to my—his house—that—I should hate to go."

"You needn't be afraid of meeting him there. He is going abroad almost directly."

"Eh?" starting violently.

"Yes, abroad."

"But where?"

"Italy! Why Italy? What on earth is taking him to Italy?" She rises abruptly and walks over to the window as though repose is impossible to her. "Who is going with him?" asks she at last in quite a dreadful tone.

"I haven't asked him," returns Lady Marla, coldly.

"You show your sease. It is that means of

"You show your sense. It is that woman, of

"What woman?" icity.
"Oh, you know! That actress, Drewry,"
"Really, Flora," says Lady Maria, with very righteous anger. "I must request you will not talk to me like this."
"Why not? You would lead to the world. I

talk to me like this."

"Why not? You arn't dead to the world, I suppose. You aren't deaf, dumb, or blind. You are a reasonable person; you must see for yourself how things go."

"I may not be blind; but you are, and most willfully so. That woman, as you call her, is a most respectable person, and is about to be married to a solicitor in very good practice. I have made minute inquiries, and I firmly believe that Frederic knows as much about her as he does of the solar system, and you know how ignorant he is about that! Professor—"

know how ignorant he is about that! Professor ——"
"Not a bit more ignorant than any one else,"
interrupts Lady Flora tartly.
"That's what you think, my dear. Nonsense,
Flora; I have questioned him about Miss
Drewry, and he doesn't so much as admire her.
He told me she had high shoulders, and a
mouth from ear to ear."

"And you were taken in by that! Why that's
the oldest trick of all. When men fall in love
where they ought not, they always describe the
woman to their friends as not much to look at,
you know,' or something like that, Really,
Maria, with your experience you ought to know
something!"

something?"
This allusion to her age very naturally incenses Lady Maria.
"And you, with your experience, of course know everything," says she with withering contempt. "My good child, if I were you." "What's that?" said Lady Flora suddenly, halt rising from her chair and glancing nervously at the door. The sound of a loud kneck at the hall door is clanging through the house. "Mariat His knock!"

"Well, what of it. Why not stay and see him, Flora? I am sure if you both met you."

"Met! Do you think I should stay for one mo-"Met! Do you think I should stay for one mement in the room with that man! No! I shall go in here," moving toward a door at the end of the room that leads to a smaller apartment beyond, "until he chooses to bring his visit to an end. I have still a good deal to say to you."

She has hardly had time to gain her city of refuge when the servant ushers into the drawing room Sir Frederic Blount.

"Thought I heard voices," says he suspiciously, when he has greeted Lady Maria.

"Well, so you did," says she a little impatiently, not being in the best of tempers.

"Ah! Lady Blount?"

"Yes."

"H'th. In there now?" pointing to the opposite door.

pposite door.
"I daresay." A pause.
"How is she looking?" demands Sir Frederic, after a perceptible struggle with his dignity.
"Very lovely indeed; but pate, I think. Why
on earth, Frederic, don't you try to make it up

on earth, Frederic, don't you try to make it up with her?"

"With her! You must be mad, Maria!

"What! when she willfully sought a quarrel with me, and openly insulted me! Look here, I loved her as my own soul, and she deliberately separated herself from me."

"Yet! think she is very unhappy,"

"A woman without a heart is never un-happy."

happy."
"Really, Frederic, I do think you are rather unjust. She—""
"I'm done with her. Don't let us discuss her any further. She can go her way. I can go "I don't see where she is to go at all events. woman in her equivocal position is always in A woman in der countries the wrong."

the wrong."

"It is her own doing. She evidently found "It is her own doing. She evidently found for the wrong of the wrong life dull with me, and very cleverly sought and found a road out of her difficulty."

"Still you must care about her welfare."
"I don't," doggedly,
"I give you credit for better feeling than
that; so I will tell you that she is coming down
with me to Gloucestershire for Christmas. She
will therefore be within a mile or two of her—
vour—bome."

with therefore be within a line of the pour-home."

"A hint to me to keep away," with a bitter laugh. "Don't be frightened! I am going abroad, as you know."

"I amisorry about that: I had hoped——"

"Hope nothing where we two are concerned; all is over and done with." He pauses, looks out of the window and then comes back to Lady Maria. "She—she has plenty of money, at all events," says he with a frown that is meant to prevent anybody from thinking that his question contains any gentle concern for her.

his question contains any gentle concern for her.

"Plenty, I should say."

"You biame me, Maria," says the yeung man suddenly, "You think I should give in and explain, and condone the fact that she has maligned me most cruelly; but that is not all. She flirted most disgracefully with a hideous little brute of a hussar last time we were at a ball together, and—"

"I know all about that. She says it was only because she was so disgusted with your behavior," says Lady Maria. "You are a pair of babies; you ought to be taken in hand by some firm person and compelled to behave your-self."

"Oh! she says that, does she?" wrathfully.
"Well, I don't care what she says. Anyhow, I
shan't keep her in durance vile any longer."
taking up his hat. "Some other day I may be
fortunate enough to find you at home without
her."

fortunate enough to find you at nome without her."

Lady Maria, rather relieved, bids him a kindly adieu and goes instantly to the room that has harbored the fugitive. But where is she? And what is this awfully cold, cutting air that salutes her as she enters the apartment? What do the servants mean by opening the windows at this time of the year-and—Good heavens! are those Flora's feet?

It is all that can be seen of Flora at present, at all events. She has thrown up the snah of the window to its highest extent, and has then thrown her body out of the window with an amount of generosity that threatens to develop itself into unconscious suicide. amount of generosity that inreatens to develop itself into unconscious suicide.

Lady Maria, catching sight of her and her remarkable attitude, gives way to wild but secret mirth. All this to catch one fleeting glance at the back of his head!

"Flora! Flora;" cries she. "What on earth are you doing there?"

Her voice is shrill, and Flora, hearing it, scrambles back to her feet with crimson cheeks and a manner openly confused.

scrambles back to her feet with crimson cheeks and a manner openly confused.

"My dear, if you had run downstairs to the library you could have seen him quite easily and without all this danger," says Lady Maria, rather maliciously. "The slightest tip would have sent you into the area. How foolish! If I had known you so much wanted to catch a glumpse, I might have arranged something—

"Nonsense! It was more curiosity, nothing more," says Lady Flora, with a stamp of her little foot. "How horrid you can be, Maria. Well," impetuously, "what did he say? Abusing me as usual, I suppose."

"He didn't spare you, certainly; but he was just I think."

"He didn't spare you, certainly; but he was just, I think."

"Thank you," angrily." "He was not only just, as you call it, but evidently in the highest spirits. I could hear his voice here—hateful voice. Well—er—and how is he looking now?"

Lady Maria gives way to sardonic mirth.
"Well!" says Lady Flora, regarding her with distinct distavor. "What have I said to make you laugh?"

"Not much. Only—that is just the first question he asked me about you."
"How rude of him!" flushing angrily. "And you? I hope you said I was never looking better."

"Yes. I said you were in robust health, and

"Yes. I said you were in robust health, and didn't seem to care a bit about anything con-nected with him, at all events."
"Oh, did you?" with a perceptible fall of the lovely face, and an accent replete with disap-"That was right, wasn't it?" says Lady Maria,

blandly.

"Quite right. Fancy his wanting to know how I looked! For what, I wonder?"

"Mere idle curiodity, my dear, of course—the same feeling that made you nearly throw yourself out of the window just now simply to catch a fleeting vision of the back of his detested head."

"If you think it was anything else!" botly. head."
"If you think it was anything else!" hotly.
"If you think it was anything else!" hotly.
"I don't, my dear girl, how could I?"
"And—is it true he is going abroad?"
"Quite true." He starts next week I fancy, so you are safe if you come to Gloucester with me for Christmas. In fact, I made it safe for you, I told him you were to be with me at that

"And he?"
"Baid that alone would be sufficient to keep him out of the county."

"He said that!" She has risen to her feet
and is looking very pale. She recovers herself.

however, almost immediately. "I'm glad he has some sense of decency," says she haught-It is some weeks later and Christmas day. Quite a correct Christmas day, with snowflakes flying and evergreens so white as to belie their name, and incles drooping from the bridge that spans the river that flows through Lady Maria's

Both she and Lady Flora had been to church Both she and Lady Flora had been to church in the morning, and enjoyed a good lunch afterward, and are now doxing with a pretense at reading before a fire that might have roasted an ox in the good old days when roasted oxen were. Lady Maria had, indeed, so far given into the blandishments of Somnus that a gentle snore wakens the air around her, and Lady Flora roused by it, starts into a more upright position and a sudden knowledge that a manly footstep is rapidly approaching the small and cosy room in which they are sitting.

"Good heavens, Maria, wake! wake! someone is coming. Oh! you told me he had gone to Italy, and now..."

"Well, so he has," says Lady Maria, rubbing her eyes.

her eyes.

"He hasn't. He is here. He is coming up
the stairs. Oh!" springing to her feet and
looking distractedly round her, "where shall

"He is coming, sure enough," says Lady Maria, now wide awake. "Bless me, what liars men are. And he declared to me that—"
"Never mind anything. Think of me," cries Lady Flora, literally wringing her hands in front of her hostess. "I can't go out the door or I'll meet him face to face. Oh! why do they build rooms with only one mode of egress in them. If there had been another door I might—. I'm undone, Maria, But no," with aswift and happy thought: "that screen. Behind that and happy thought; "that screen. Behind that I shall be secure—safe. And don't keep him

long—and——"
"But, my dear," gasps poor Lady Maria wild,
hy, "he will probably say all sorts of things and
you will be listening, and——; good gracious, it
isn't fair. It will be dreadful."
"I shall put my fingers in my ears. Betray me
at your peril!" cries Lady Flora in a dramatic
whisper. The tail of her gown just disappears
behind the tail Japanese screen as Sir Frederic
Blount is announced.

And now begins a purgatory for poor Lady And now begins a purgatory for poor Lawy Maria.

"Thought—er—that as I had to drop down to this part of the world I'd like to come to see you," says Sir Frederic with manifest hypocrisy and a scries of furtive glances all round the room as though in search of something.

"Thought, too, that I—er—heard voices as I came up the stairs."

"Thought, too, that I—er—heard voices as I came up the stairs."
"And I thought you were safe in Italy," says Lady Maria, who is very justly exasperated by his appearance at this moment.
"Had to put it off for a week or so. Business down here with my steward. Beastly nuisance, but had to come."

Awkward silence. Lady Maria, with her eyes fixed on the Japanese screen, is giving herself up a prey to despair. As for her putting her fingers in her ears, she doesn't believe a word of it.

"Lady Flora with you?" asked Sir Frederic at ast, jerking out the question awkwardly. "Yes."

"Gone out for a walk?" "No, no. In retirement," says the wretched Lady Maria with a groun that she adroitly turns

into a sneeze.

"Ah, headache?"

"Really, Frederic, considering the terms you and Lady Fiora are on I think it a little—well—a little odd of you, to say the least of it, to cross-examine me about her like this; such anxiety about her health on your part is hardly to be expected.

about her health on your part is hardly to be expected."

"Anxiety? On my part? I can't imagine what you mean by that," exclaims Sir Frederic indignantly. He rises, and going over to the Indian hearthrug, leans arainst the mantlepiece and glowers from the lofty position down upon Lady Maria. The edge of the Japanese screen touches the hearthrug, and a slight leaning back of Sir Frederic would in all probability reveal to him the person hiding behind it. Lady Maria becomes conscious of a sensation of faintness.

"Don't stand there; so bad for your complexion," stammers she inconsequently.

As Sir Frederic is standing manlike with his back to the fire, the suggestion about his complexion falls flat.

hack to the fire, the suggestion about his complexion falls flat.

"I'm chilly." says he absently, and then, "Anxious about her—the woman who will-fully deserted me; who —"

"Once for all, Frederic, I decline to discuss your wife." says Lady Maria frantically. "Talk of taxation, servants, the education of the lower classes, any abominable subject you like, but not of Flora."

"I can't help it," says Sir Frederic with an obstinate shake of his head, "You began it. You suggested I should or did feel anxiety for —Fl—Lady Flora, and I insist upon showing you why —."

-Fi-Lady Flora, and I insist upon showing you why —"
"I quite understand, I assure you."
"You don't, you can't or you wouldn't have spoken as you did. A man more barbarously treated than I have been has seldom —"

treated than I have been has seldom —"

Here, seeing the screen shake ominously,
Lady Maria losses her head:

"Of course, of course. We all know that,"
cried she enthusiastically—fattally. The screen
now seems, to be the receptacle of an earthquake in an extremely advanced state. Ohi
those young women and their promises about
their fingers and their ears. "I'm not well,
Frederic; I'm tired; I've toothache, neuralgia,
sciatica, lumbago, tiedoloureux, everything!"
almost screams Lady Maria, "I wish you
would go away."

"You look all right," says Sir Frederic,
ganing at her with skeptic eye, "What you
really mean is, that you don't want to hear my
exculpation. I don't blame you. She has been
priming you with abuse of me, of course; but I
insist on setting myself right with you. You
think Flora in the right, but she is not; it is I
who am in the right," striking his clinched fist
against his breast in quite an alarming fashion.

against his breast in quite an alarming fashi "The—yes, to be sure," that hangs on Lady Maria's agitated lips is checked in the bud by another evolution of the incipient earthquake. Good heavens! how long is this to last? And when the end comes how many survivors will there he?

"Look here," says Sir Frederic violently; once for all, you shall learn the truth. She married me not knowing her own mind (which apparently is of a poor sort), and, tired of me, sought occasion to regain her liberty. She never believed that story about it, but it served as a pretext for her plan. She deliberately broke off all relations with me simply to suit herself, and with a full belief in her inmost soul that I was innocent of the ridiculous charge she brought against me. She—"

The screen goes over with a crash—a beauti-The screen goes over with a crash—a beautiful but furious young woman appears, standing in its place. It is a perfect transformation scene. Lady Maria falls back in her chair half

soene. Lady starts too back in her chair to fainting; Sir Frederic, stepping back in wild a tonishment, put his foot on Lady Maria tabby, who doesn't faint at all, but sets up suc a mecowing as makes the welkin ring. All confusion.

a meeowing as makes the weikin ring. All is confusion.

The cat is the first to recover; then the outraged goddess, who, advancing on her husband, regards him with a glittering eye.

"How dare you say that" says she in a low but terror-striking tone. And now she turns to the hapless Lady Maria. "You listened to him! you applanded him! you took his part! you said that I had treated him barbarousiy! Oh, Maria."

Lady Maria makes an effort to explain, but speech is beyond her. She is chilled by Sir Frederic's eye, who now advances straight down upon her.

"And you knew she was there all the time—listening," with a scornful glance at Flora, who

listening," with a scornful glance at Flora, who returns it fourfold. "You let me say what was in my mind, without even trying to check me; But this was too much for Lady Maria; such

"But this was too much for Lady Maria; such fingrant injustice restores her to her dignity. She rises to the occasion on her feet.

"Once for all," says she sternly, "I am done with yon; yes, with both of you. You are ungrateful, worthless, heartless! Hitherto I have done what I could for you. For the future you shall manage your own affairs without assistance from me. You can make use of this room—this house—of anything belonging to me, but of me—never again!"

She sailed with much dignity from the room. "There!" says Sir Frederic, turning round to his wife, "you have done it, as usual."

"Done what? I've done nothing! It is you who have done everything. And not satisfied with having insulted me, you come here and abuse me to Maria behind my back."

"I spoke only the truth, And you—was it

"I spoke only the truth, And you—was it fair to hide behind a screen and listen to what wasn't intended for you? There's an ugly name for that, you know," hotly.

"I don't care what ugly names you call me Your opinion of me has ceased to be of any im-portance. And I wasn't listening! I kept my fingers tight in my ears until you had been here for hours; then my arms tired, and I for hours: then my arms tired, and I ——"
"Hours! I like that," with a sardonic laugh;
"I haven't been here for 20 minutes yet,"
"Oh, you say snything." says Lady Blount, and brushing contemptuously past him, she sinks into a lounging chair and takes up a magazine with an air of indifference that ought to have imposed upon anyone. But Sir Frederic, being her husband, can read between the lines. Hosbands are always difficult.
"Well not a word of refutation" exid he

eric, being her Russiand, can read between the lines. Hosbands are always difficult.

"Well, not a word of refutation," said he mockingly. "You acknowledge then I spoke only the bare truth when I said that you sought occasion to get rid of me because you were tired of me."

"To refute that I must be rude; I must say you are lying," says Lady Flora deliberately. "But that, after all, is scarcely a rudeness, as you know it without my telling."

"I know nothing of the sort. If there is a lie anywhere, it belongs to the person who told you I had anything whatsoever to do with Miss Drewry."

"I forbid you to mention that woman," starting to her feet and staring angrily at him.

"I see no reason why I shouldn't."

"And all those frequent journeys to town a month after we were married, was there no reason for them, either?"

"Plenty of reason. Business took me to town on every occasion."

"Why can't you think of something new?" says she scernfully. "Business. Was there

progress.

ever a case of this sort when business wasn't the excuse for it?" "I wonder who is your monitress!" says he with a short and most unmirthful laugh; "she ought to be proud of herself, at all events. She

has taught you a good deal of very unbearable

stnff."

"I won't be sneered at by you," with a stamp of her pretty foot. "I came here hoping to avoid you; and—" she panses—then, suddenly; "What brought you here to-day?"

"To see you!" returns he doggedly.

He is hardly prepared for the result of this speech. Lady Flora, after a moment's struggle, bursts into tears.

"Flora," cried he, making a movement toward her.

"Don't attempt to call me by panse." sobs she

"Flora," cried he, making a movement toward her.

"Don't attempt to call me by name," sobs she passionately. "And don't think I am crying because of you. No, it is my self-esteem that is hurt; I cannot forget that I once—" she breaks down completely.

"Did you once love me?" says he sadly. "Then what is all this about? Flora, listen to me. Before my marriage I may have been what people call wild. There was too much cambling, too much champagne, too much—of many things better avoided. But from the day of our sugagement, nay, from the day we first met, I had neither thoughts nor glances for anyone but you. On my soul, I swear it. What can I say more?"

"Oh'It is too late," says she with a little despairing gesture. "There are so many things not to be forgotten."

"Quite true?" returns he with spirit; "but as to their being never forgotten—well! There was your flirtation with that fellow in the guards—"

"Captain Pierrepoint. Nonsense! I defy

was your littation with that lenow in the guards—"
"Captain Pierrepoint. Nonsense! I defy you to think! I meant saything by that. A hideous, foolish, pale-eyed creature! No; when I mean that sort of thing I shall choose somebody good-looking.
"Oh, will you indeed?" says he, stiffly. And then the absurdity of it strikes on them, and they both burst into a short and uncomfortable laugh. Still, it airs the atmosphere.
"It is getting late; you are going?" says she presently, with much inhospitality.
"Not at all. I hope Lady Maria, in spite of all that has come and gone, will give me my dinner."

dinner."
"But I am staying here."
"Well?" "I suppose you don't mean me to have no

"On the contrary, I hope you will dine with me. Considering what I have endured already from you, I believe you will be a very desirable addition to the feast; a veritable sauce

irom you, i believe you will be a very desirable addition to the feast; a veritable sauce biquante.

"Well; I shan't dine with you."

"Why not, Flora?" savs he suddenly. "Is it all so irremedible? Think! We were happy once, and—, Oh! darling, you are crying again. Make it up with me, Flora, and we'll let the past go by us."

"Oh but if it is true that you—that I—that it was all an untruth about that woman, you will never forgive me," says she, pressing back from her his eager hands.

"Try me? What is there I wouldn't forgive you? But, oh! Flora, how could you have thought it?"

"I didn't want to think it, but——" She gives way suddenly and flings her arms round his nech. "Freddy! Freddy! how good it is to be able to kiss you again!"

After this matters go very easily.

"But now you won't be able to go abroad," says she presently.

"Why not?"

"And leave me?" half starting out of his arms,

"Certainly not. Wa'll go together. I'll st.

arms, "Certainly not. We'll go together. I'll explain to the mee I was going with, and make it straight with them, and then you and I will have a second honeymoon."

"Yes, we'll begin our life all over again."

Here she begins to cry a little and clasp him closer.

"Yes, we'll begins for the all over again."

Here she begins to cry a little and class him closer.

"Nothing. Only every night since we parted I have prayed that I might die soon, and now Pm afraid that my prayer will be answered."

"Well, I've been praying that we might come together again, and append a long life together, and my prayer is as good as yours any day, and much more sensible, so of course it will gain the day," says be; and if this is a pious lie on his part, I've no doubt it will be forgiven him.

"It ought to," says she hopetully. Then "Freddy! it is Christmas Day. A lucky day to make it up, isn': it?"

"A lucky day for me." certainly.

"And for me, too. But Maria," nervously, "I don't see how we are to face her again."

At this moment the door opens and Lady Maria, who has not been able to restrain her curiosity any longer, appears on the threshold.

The fact that the two before her start guiltily asunder on her abrupt entrance, explains all things to her.

"Well, I am glad!" cries she, her whole face meiting into one besming smile.

ARMSTRONG'S MONUMENT.

Names of Those Who Will Assist in Its

Arrangements for the dedication of the Armstrong Monument on Thanksgiving Day are about perfected. The division marshals met with the Chief Marshal fast night at the Amalgamated Association and indorsed the instructions heretofore published. The contract for the platform adjacent to the monument, on which the exercises will take place. has been let to Donerty Bros., and they will begin its erection to-day. It will be large enough to accommodate 200 persons. The programme is now in the hands of the printer, and will be a very neat souvenir of

typographical art.

The respective marshals are busy selecting their staffs of officers and aids. Captain W. P. Herbert, Marshal of the First Division, has already issued his first

First Division, has already issued his first circular, announcing the appointment of Colonel T. J. Hudson, Chief of Staff, and Gust Schwarm, Adjutant, with their insignia of office, together with the appointment of the following aids:

Colonel Robert Monroe, Wm. T. Bradbury, Colonel W. J. Glenn, S. C. Barr, J. T. McCoy, J. H. Hopkins, J. R. Hoover, Captain W. H. Davis, W. C. Connelly, Jr., J. N. Hazlett, Hon. J. B. Larkin, G. W. Ewalt, C. M. Green, Colonel J. H. Green, Major John Hancock, H. C. Griffin, Wm. Eberly, Wm. Lowery, Dr. A. Æ. McCandless, Hon. W. H. Graham and Captain A. J. Logan.

J. Logan. The staffs of the other marshals will be appointed in a few days.

JUPITER PLUVIUS TURNED LOOSE. No Danger From High Water Apprehended,

However. The heavy rains of the last few weeks have given a vast quantity of water to our ocal rivers, but the general verdict of ivermen is, that no serious trouble is exsected. The rains in the mountains have een constant and steady, but the surplus water has drained off almost as quickly as

t has fallen.

If the moisture had fallen in the shape of now and had lain on the mountains for ometime, it is the opinion of one prominent riverman that our last big flood would have been east in the shade, so to speak. As it is, the rivers are not expected to get besult. As all freight is for lower river points, they are moving regularly, but the coal being all out, the principal river business is

SEVERAL CHARGES BROUGHT.

A Speak-Easy Keeper Charged With Being Overly Pagancious. Cornelius Timothy and his wife, Florence were arrested yesterday afternoon on warrants sworn out before Algerman Mc-Masters by Mary Hoh, charging them with

selling liquor without license in Spring alley, near Seventeenth street. The same proscutrix charged the husband with assault and battery. The defendants are young, and, as Mrs. Timothy was taken away from two or three ung children, they were allowed to spend the day in the Alderman's office, wh skirmish was made by friends for \$1,500 bail. It was not forthcoming, however, and

they were committed. HE WAS WEARING IT.

A Colored Overcont Thief Spied by the

Owner of the Garment. William Pendleton, colored, was arrested on Wylie avenue by Officer Kramer yesterday afternoon for the larceny of an overcost. Pendleton had been a waiter at Freemason's Hall during the early part of the week, while the Scottian Rite initiations were in

On Wednesday evening Mr. James Mo-Kee, the Smithfield street jeweler, lost his overcoat from the hall, and yesterday after-noon he saw Pendleton going along the street with the stolen coat on his back.

IS MR. SMITH TO HANG?

The Jury Finds the Murderer Guilty in the First Degree.

TALK OF COMMUTING SENTENCE.

Laura Bailey Takes Prench Leave of Her Surroundings.

THE SAWMILL RUN DAM YET ON DECK

At the opening of Criminal Court yesterday morning the jury in the case of William H. Smith, colored, who was tried for the murder of his wife, returned its verdiet. They found Smith guilty of murder in the first degree.

Judge White commended the jury for the faithful discharge of its duties, and said he was glad to find a jury bold enough to perform its duty. He said there were several extenuating circumstances, and should they determine to recommend Executive elemency he would not object. Smith had not raised

he would not object. Smith had not raised his head disting as usual with his head down and looking at his feet. When the jury was discharged he was led back to jail.

The verdict of first degree is so unusal an outcome of murder trials in this county as to cause considerable excitement, and form a subject of interesting gossip and reminiscences in legal circles. The last similar verdict was given in the Coffee case, but that prospective decorator of a real gallows cheated the law out of its rightful prey.

The generally expressed opinion seems to be that Smith will be leniently dealt with in the matter of Executive elemency. In fact, there is already a movement on foot among the colored population of the city to present Smith's case in a tavorable light to Governor Beaver in hopes of securing a commutation of the sentence.

LAURA BAILEY LEVANTS. She Must Have Thought Discretion the

Better Part of Valor. Laura Bailey and Plorence Donaldson, harged with keeping May Sullivan, the Scottdale girl, for improper purposes, were called for trial yesterday. Laura Balley did not ap-pear and Judge White ordered her bail to be forfeited and an attachment issued for her. Her bond was \$1,000. J. W. Scott, of the

Her bond was \$1,000. J. W. Scott, of the Diamond, being her surety. At the direction of the District Attorney a suit was filed in the Clerk of Courts' office to recover from the bondsman on the bond.

Florence Donaldson, the other defendant, was present and entered a plea of guilty. She and Laura Bailey had previously pleaded guilty, but afterward withdrew their pleas and decided to stand trial. Minnie Fleming, alias Shupe, the last of those charged with being concerned in the affair, yet remains to be tried. It is thought that she had but little to do with the case and will be acquitted.

Horse's Playful Nocturnal Gambols Constitutes a Nuisance. The jury is out in the case of Jeff Ditman tried on oath of Grant Geiger, for aggravated assault and battery, and malicious mischief.

E. Rudolph and Robert Rudolph were convicted of pointing firearms at Martin Durkin, and

CRIMINAL COURT MATTERS.

were fined 6 cents and costs.

Michael Cabill, tried for assault and battery on, Mary Quinn, was acquitted, and the costs F. Koehne was convicted of maintaining a nui-sance in the shape of a horse that kicked and stamped at night and prevented the neighbors from sleeping. The information was brought by C. Heineman.

John McConville, of the Fourteenth ward, was convicted of selling liquor without a license on oath of Constable Jones.

NO POOR RAH RUSINESS.

A Debtor Cannot Serve as an Administrator of an Estate. the letters of administration of the estate of Michael Wehrman, of the Southside, issued

to James T. Grimes. Wehrman had but one living relative in this country, a cousin, who was indebted to him. When he died Grimes was indebted to him. When he died Grimes applied for the letters of administration at the suggestion of creditors of Wehrman.

A week after they had been issued to him the cousin filed a petition, stating that he was the next of kin to Wehrman, and that the letters should be issued to him, and asking that the letters given to Grimes be revoked. Register Conner held a hearing in the case, and it being shown that the cousin was a debtor to the estate, it was held that he was disqualified for the position of administrator, and his petition was dismissed.

PAYMENT STOPPED UNAVAILINGLY.

Mrs. McCord Circulated an Order and Then Tried to Squeich It. the case of the Iron City National Bank against Mrs. Martha J. McCord, a verdict was given yesterday for \$481 10 for the plaintiff. The suit was brought to recover on an order on the Dollar Savings Bank for money on deposit there. The order had been given to William J. Quinn, a contractor, for work performed, and he cashed it at the Iron City Bank.

Mrs. McCord afterward stopped payment on the order at the Dollar Savings Bank, because mechanic's Bens bad been filed against her property, and the Iron City Bank sued her on the order.

SAWMILL RUN DAM STICKS. The Verdict Does Not Compel Its Removal-Property Holders' Redress. In the Criminal Court yesterday J. W. Friend and Theodore Wood, who were tried for maintaining a nuisance in the shape of the Sawmill run dam, were found not gullty, but ordered to

pay the costs.

The verdict does not compel the ren the dam, and the only way of relief now open to the residents of the West End, it is stated. to the residents of the west End, it is stated is the construction of a sewer along the course of the run. Any of the property holders, how ever, have the privilege of suing to recover for any material damage they may have sustained by reason of the dam.

SOME SUBURBAN RESCURICITY.

Sowickley, Osborne and Edgeworth Have Lighting Companies.
A charter was filed in the Recorder's office yesterday for the Sewickley Electric Company. yesterday for the Sewickley Electric Company.
The capital stock is \$5,000 divided into 100
shares at \$50 per share. The directors are WD. and J. M. Uptegraff, C. C. Wolfe, E. E. Lit.
the and Allan Marthans.
Charters were also filed for the Oeborne and
Edgeworth Electric Companies. They have
the same directors and a capital stock each
of \$500, divided into ten shares at \$50 per share.

What Legal Busybodies Do. The following cases will be tried to-day in Criminal Court: Commonwealth vs. J. A. Armstrong, Pat Norton, Julius Schefler, Frank Demolia.

In the case of Robert T. Reineman against John Koch, a landlord and tenant suit, a ver-dict was given yesterday for \$56.34 for the plaintiff. In the suit of Albert I. Scott against' the Im-

perial Lafe Insurance Company, an action on a policy, a verdict was given yesterday for the defendants. In the suit of Evans Bros. against John Haworth and E. Friel, an action in replevin to recover goods, a verdict was given yesterday for 6 cents for the plaintiffs.

GEORGE H. CREESE yesterday received a verdict for \$168 24 in his suit against J. S. Hartley and William Rea, executors of George White, an action on a mechanic's lien. In the divorce suit of Mrs. Mamle Hartman against Peter Hartman, brought on the grounds that the husband was unfit for married life, a verdict was rendered yesterday granting the divorce.

In the suit of George E. Moore against Henry Murphy, to recover damages for an alleged illegal ejectment from a brickyard a verdict was given for the plaintiff yesterday for \$2,108.68. In three suits of H. J. Smail, administrator

IN three suits of B. J. Small, administrator of George Neville, egainst Dunlap Wynn, actions on mechanical liens, verdicts were given for the plaintiff yesterday for \$55 20, \$70 50 and \$63 20 respectively.

In the suit of Catharine Byers and Mary Moser against William H. Hays and Constable Heiner for damages for an alleged illegal levy

and sale for rent, a verdict was given yesterday for 6% cents damages for the plaintiffs. THE suit of Mary I. Brown against the Pittsburg Traction Company was tried before Judge Ewing yesterday. The plaintiff alleged that while alighting from a car at the corner of Fifth avenue and Sheridan avenue the car was started before she got clear of it, and she was dragged a considerable distance and severely injured. She received a verdict of \$500 dam-

INSTALLED THEIR OFFICERS.

Washington Lodge, A. P. A., Hold a Very

Interesting Meeting. Washington Lodge, No. 2, A. P. A., held their regular meeting in Aulenbacher's Hall, on Eighteenth street, on Thursday evening, and installed the following officers, B. M.

G. M. John Wilson presiding:
W. M., John F. Todt; W. D. M., Louis
Hartley; R. S., William B. Clark; F. S.,
Henry Becker; A. R. S., Philip Norcomb;

Treasurer, John Berchor.

The following officers were appointed:
Col., William H. Peterman; Assistant Col.,
Fred Steinecke; Chaplain, S. R. Anderson;
Inside Tyler, Chas. Reed; Outside, Harry

Winters.
The lodge initiated two new members and the meeting was made a very interesting one. The lodge is in a good condition, having a creditable balance in the treasury.
After the installation the Grand Lodge offi-

After the installation the Grand Lodge offi-cers were treated to an ice cream supper and were serenaded by the German Cornet Band. The P. W. G. M. made an address, in which he defended the public school system. There were eight other lodges represented. They were Luther No. 3, Grand View No. 7, Sons of Joshus No. 11, Gustavus Adol-phus No. 33, Teutonic No. 57 and Keystone No. 70.

COUNCILMAN CARR'S PLAN. Very Fensible Proposition to Secure Free Bridges.

Councilman Carr, of the Twenty-seventh ward, will present a resolution in Councils next Monday authorizing the Mayor to call a special election for February upon the question of issuing a million dollars' worth of bonds for the purchase or construction of a bridge across the Monongahela river by the

bridge across the Monongahela river by the city. There seems to be no question as to the city's power to condemn and purchase bridge property, and Mr. Carr's plan is considered to be very feasible.

"The act of 1873," said Mr. Carr yesterday, "provides for the appointment of a commission and the purchase or erection of one or more bridges. I do not know whether this act will hold good under the new city charter, but the charter provides for increasing the debt within the 7 per cent limit. The \$1,000,000 increase would be a good entering wedge, and as soon as we get one free bridge, others will soon follow."

OUT OF THE RHINS.

Mrs. Garland Finds Her Watch and Ring

In the Ashes of Her Home. M. M. Garland's residence on Maple avenue, Allentown, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday evening. The fire originated from a defective flue, and before the department could arrive the building, with its

contents, were in ashes. Mrs. Garland lost a lot of valuable jewelry. She has recovered a gold watch and

elry. She has recovered a gold watch and diamond ring from the ruins. They can be repaired. The ring was her wedding ring and was valued more on that account.

Mr. Gariand threatens to bring a suit against the city for damages. He told a DISPATCH reporter that it was over 20 minutes from the time the fire started until the hose company arrived, and when they did arrive there was an insufficient water appared.

To be Held at the Southelde Presbyteria: Church Thankegiving. The Walton M. E., Southside Presbyterian, Ninth U. P., Union Baptist and Kighteenth Street M. P. churches will combine in observing Thanksgiving at the Southside Presbyterian Church, next Thurs-day morning at 19:30 o'clock. Rev. B. E. Wilburn will deliver the sermon.

A fire that is liable to happen in many houses with more disastrous results was discovered in the home of A. Hohmeyer last Sunday. The family were just preparing to leave the house for church when one went upstairs for something and smelt fire. Going up to the third story the wooden mantel was found afire. It was put out with small loss. The heat had been too intense and the wood-work had caught from the grate.

The Final Entertainment. The last of the series of special entertainments in connection with the Grand Army fair, in Salisbury's Hall, was given last night. The hall was crowded. The pro-gramme was an excellent one, and included music by the celebrated Jubilee Singers and

several local vocalists. A ROCKY LEGISLATURE.

The Montana Lawmakora do Not Seem to be in Harmony. HELENA, MONT., November 22 .- The Montana Legislature is called to meet at noon to-morrow. Probably two-thirds of the members are already here, accompanied by a large sprinkling of State politicians, To-day both parties are holding caucuses to decide upon a course of action. It is be-House and that neither party will have a

quorum in the Senate. The Democratic County Commissioners yesterday created a sensation by taking possession of the legislative halls, expelling the janitor, putting new locks on all the the janitor, putting new locks on all the doors, and placing watchmen to guard all approaches to the halls. To-day the keys to the halls will be turned over to the Governor, to whom the County Commissioners have leased the rooms. It is thought certain members will meet separately should the representatives from Silver Bow county, certified to by the State Canvassing Board, be denied admittance. Politicians of both sides talk of fighting to the end, yet a small number favor a compromise on the basis of one Senator from each party and division of legislative officers.

LOOKING FOR LICENSES.

The Question of Next Your's Louses a Matter of Anxiety.

A movement is now on foot among the local saloonkeepers to get up a petition to the courts asking for a consideration of the license question at the earliest date possible so as to know whether they can get licenses before the time for renewing leases arrives. That considerable activity is existing in the license question is evidenced by the fact that in the First ward, Pittaburg, several people have already been approached to go on the bonds of expectant saloonkeepers.

H. H. Hull is charged before Alderman

McMasters with the fraudulent appropria-tion of money and the traudulent alteration of partnership books, by Mrs. Jeanie Hep-ler. Mrs. Hepler says that Hull was a husiness partner of her deceased husband, and that in the sextlement of the firm's business she was defrauded by Hull. She charges that he collected money of which no account was made, and credited her with receiving money that she did not gat.